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GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER 27, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 217.

The following lines were composed by H. E. J., of Patrick county, Va., and read before the Greenville Literary Society, recently, upon the question: "Should the Union be dissolved?"

The Union Perpetual.

Amidst that lovely land,
More bright than Ophir's golden sand,
From north to south, from east to west,
In all the world we love these best:
For O how proudly round thy brow,
Are laurels wreathed like delft snow,
Yet parent, lightest, most divine,
Thy stars in lovely union shine.
Thy Union, in years long past and gone,
The theme of every patriot's song,
Thy Union—oh many years to come,
The nation's rest—the patriot's home,
To land by this as strong as those
Which ward the ocean as it flows,
Thou art our own in every clime,
Kissed waves are kissed by Cynthia's beam,
In every happy home to find
A voice which says—the Union's kind—
For faith is shrouded in the tower,
When but a child's eye closed her dream,
While Indians pulled and tyrants frowned;
She heard the eagle's deafening roar,
She saw the stars and stripes unfold,
She saw the shield the midday steel
Spring forth—the deadly blow to deal,
While all around the bloody cross,
With gaze belated the meadow grass,
Yet trembled not, but firmly stood,
And gazing on the purple cloud,
Said—here's blood will not be shed,
The blood which love is kind to keep;
And now when grown to manhood's prime,
The greatest nation of our time,
Still we are all Americans as our heart,
Still look on this as our great part;
Oh! can we then seek fond the seven,
Beside this glorious Union—seven—
Heaven forbid it let the power
Beast the claims which bind us lower,
Once faith be broken—Union—gone—
From faith the Union of the Union,
And upon this land fanatic thought,
With blood and tears and strife and strife,
Then shall the stars and stripes unfold,
And wave as proudly as of old.
But would you see, with sword and shield,
Let brothers to the Union fight;
Say, do we need this civil war?
Will we, does nobody need a star?
Does the seven, seven, seven and seven,
Not help from the Union's state?
Methinks do we, to the Union,
Not help from the Union's state?
Then let us rest—disturbed no more,
By words of strife or blood or war.
Fondly then, our own will say—
Let India hand her wealth away,
Let Rome to ruin change the day,
Let Turkey swell the Nile's progress,
Let Russia talk of freedom's ways,
Let France enlighten her noble son,
Let England lead her virtuous men,
Let China's fields and mountains' hills,
Let Solomon's Ports, rich and rare,
Combine to swell Britannia's wealth,
Yet we have still the Union of the Union,
Have we not wealth of greater worth?
Have we not light of purer birth?
May we not praise a name more sweet?
And who for freedom dare compete
In lines of peace—our hours of strife,
Is not our land with Heron's life,
For he who conquers war with peace,
Is the noblest flower of our race,
Can we no fields of battle name,
Where Britain's sons were put to shame,
And as for beauty—who will dare,
With those around us to compare?
Each blooming cheek—each sparkling eye,
Each merry laugh—each deep down sigh,
With one accord make Venus say—
Virginia shall my sceptre sway,
So with this motto, now adieu—
"Union of states, and sexes two!"

belong to the ground" without his notice—him who had declared himself "the friend of the widow, and a father to the fatherless." But there is a vacuum in her heart—nothing void, which even the consciousness of Divine favor and Divine protection cannot fill. Death has robbed her of her earthly support. There is still, however, one yet remaining that binds her to earth—her children. These are her earthly joys; for these she lives and tells—enduring rather than enjoying life.

THE TWO SEAMSTRESSES.
BY EVA CLAYTON.

I have the most distinct, and at the same time unhappy remembrance, of two maiden ladies who flourished as tailors, in our town when I was a wee child. Accompanied by their "goose" and pressed hard, they went about to the houses cutting and making men's clothes from year to year. People did not then purchase ready-made clothing as much as they do now, consequently the services of said seamstresses was of no little importance. They generally had engagements six weeks or two months in advance, and in order to secure their services I saw four weeks' campaign in the fall, my father engaged them some time in the summer. In the great square west room of our mammoth house, they would sew and gossip and gossip and sew, from seven in the morning till eight in the evening. A maiden aunt who lived in our family, sat with them mostly and assisted them in some of the plainer work. I would occasionally steal into the room, although I knew by their stern demeanor, that I was not wanted. They were not fond of children, and gave me to understand that they should put up with none of my rude capers; thus I generally tried to be as civil as I knew how. I delighted to fly into their room on an evening more than at any other time, it looked so cozy as they sat around the great square table, which was drawn in front of the fire place—where a cheerful fire blazed, emitting light almost sufficient to illuminate the room. The elder of the two wore a green shade over her eyes, beneath which the most enormous nose protruded, and as she sat stitching and talking, apparently unmindful of my presence, I delighted to look at her and giggle to myself, although I would not like her to hear me. She was very tall and ill proportioned, her arms were of an inordinate length, and her hands and feet were immense. I considered her the worst looking person in the world, and felt truly grateful that my mother did not resemble one so horrid.

The younger seamstress was not so uncomely, nor quite so peevish, however she might be, when she got to be as old, in fact, I was about as much inclined to one as the other.

One day's adventure, I cannot soon forget, it was a cold frosty day, and I had been out to the elder mill which stood in the lane, for the purpose of riding around the mill, seated as I was on the roach, which was drawn by a horse and by some means which I cannot explain, served to crush the apples, from which the clear new cider was issuing. This was the greatest sport to me, and I was loth to leave, until I was advised by the man who conducted the machine, to go to the house and warm myself, which I accordingly did, and on going to my mother's room, I found she was gone, thus I rushed to the west room, and into the august presence of the seamstress with the green shade. I was so chilled that I hastened to the fire, forgetting to close the door behind me, but I was immediately told that I had committed a serious offence, and was ordered forthwith from the room. I started, and in my angry haste, upset the "goose," which was standing on the side of the table, and it fell to the floor, severing the handle in two places. The first sensation I felt after this mishap, was a tremendous thump on the top of my head, from the huge thimble of that horrible old maid, as I, in my great displeasure, ventured to call her. Oh! what a look she gave me as I fled from the room. I flew to the kitchen in hopes to excite Biddy's sympathy, and warm my nearly frozen fingers, but Biddy was ill natured, too, and advised me to keep out folks' way if I did not mean to get hurt.

After my mother returned home, the vixen in the green shade came to her room and rela-

ted in thrilling terms, my enormous offence, and in a peremptory manner, ordered my mother, the instant I entered the west room again, she was ready to leave. My mother, ever gentle and kind in her manner, said her little daughter should not trouble her any more, and upon this the miserable creature returned to former quarters and resumed her sewing. The next day the man John was dispatched to the hardware store, by my mother, to purchase a new "goose," and now the matter was hushed up, and I kept at a safe distance from the tailor and her heavy thimble. She and I were never on speaking terms after this outbreak. So great was my childish fear and dread of her, that to have met a hyena, would not have terrified me so much, as to have come in contact with her. I never shall forget the above incident while I live. Is it not singular how insidiously imprinted on the mind are the little occurrences of our childhood, while those of much greater moment which happen in later years, are soon forgotten. They should we not try to leave happy and pleasing impressions on the young mind, so that in mature years, they can think of us and our influence, without a shudder.

A COMPENDIUM OF LAW.
NUMBER XX.

Estates in Possession, Remainder and Reversion.
Estates, with respect to the time of enjoyment may either be in possession, *in fee simple*, and of expectation there are two sorts; one created by the act of the parties, called a *remainder*; the other by act of law, and called a *reversion*.

Of estates in possession—which are sometimes called *estates in fee*, whereby a present interest passes to and resides in the tenant, not depending on any subsequent circumstance or contingency, as in the case of estates *in fee*—there is nothing peculiar to be observed. All the estates of which we have hitherto spoken, are of this kind, and in laying down general rules, we generally apply them to such estates as are actually in the tenant's possession at the time. But the doctrine of estates in expectancy, contains some of the most and most abstruse learning in the English language.

An estate in remainder, is one limited to take effect, and be enjoyed after another is determined. As if a man seised in fee simple granted lands to A. for twenty years, and after the determination of the said term, then to B. and his heirs for ever; here A. is tenant for years, remainder to B. in fee. In the first place an estate for years is created out of the fee and given to A.; and the residue or remainder of it is given to B. But both these interests are in fact only one estate; the present term of years, and the remainder afterwards, when added together, being equal to only one estate in fee.

There can be no remainder limited after the grant of a fee simple, because a fee is the highest and largest estate that a subject is capable of enjoying, and there cannot be a remainder of a whole.

The first rule to be observed in the creation of remainders, is that there be some particular estate precedent to the estate in remainder. An estate created to commence at a distant period, without any intervening estate, is therefore properly no remainder; it is the whole of the gift and not a residuary part. And such future estates can only be made of chattel interests, which were considered in the light of mere contracts by the ancient law, to be executed either now or hereafter as the contracting parties should agree; but an estate of freehold must be created to commence immediately. But deeds acting under the statute of uses, such as bargain and sale, covenant to stand seised, or a conveyance to uses or even a devise may give an estate of freehold to commence in the future.

As no remainder can be created without such a precedent particular estate, this particular estate is said to support the remainder. Hence it is generally true that if the particular estate be void in its creation, or by any means is defeated afterwards, the remainder supported thereby, shall be defeated. A second rule to be observed is; that the remainder must commence or pass out of the grantor at the time of the creation of the particular estate. As an estate to A. for life, with remainder to B. in

fee, here B. remainder in fee passes from the grantor at the time that A. is seised. I need not say, that the rule is the same in the case of a remainder in fee, being made in the particular estate, whenever a fee is made in fee.

A third rule respecting remainders is, that the remainder must vest in the same person, and be of the same nature as the particular estate, or at the very instant that it vests. This depends upon the principle before laid down, that the precedent particular estate and the remainder are one in law; they must therefore subsist and be in existence at the same time, either during the continuance of the first estate, or at the very instant when that terminates, so that no other estate can possibly come between them. Upon the rules, but particularly the last one, the doctrine of exulting remainders depends.

Remainders are either *vested* or *contingent*.

A *vested remainder*, is one where the estate is immediately fixed, it remains to a designated person, or the particular estate is determined. As if A. be tenant for years, remainder to B. in fee; here B. is a vested remainder, which nothing can defeat or cut off.

An estate is vested in possession, when the estate is a right of present enjoyment. An estate is contingent, when a right of enjoyment is to accrue, on the occurrence of a future and uncertain event.

A contingent remainder is one limited to take effect, either to a dubious and uncertain person, or upon a dubious and uncertain event, which may not happen or be performed until after the determination of the preceding estate. The statute of uses introduced an additional limitation, which were unknown to the common law; but these limitations are not remainders, and the previous cases, on which those limitations depend, are not, in respect to them, particular estates, in the sense in which those words are used in remainders.

Contingent remainders may be distinguished into four kinds. 1st. Where a remainder depends entirely on a contingent determination of the preceding estate itself. As if A. conveys an estate to the use of B. until C. returns from Raleigh, and after his return then remainder to B. in fee; here the particular estate is limited to determine on the return of C. and only on that determination of it, is the remainder to take effect; but that is an event which may never happen, and therefore the remainder which depends on it, is a contingent remainder. 2d. Where the contingency, on which the remainder is to take effect, is independent of the determination of the preceding estate—*in*, where some uncertain event, unconnected with, and collateral to, the determination of the preceding estate, is, by the nature of the limitation, to precede the remainder. As if a lease be made to A. for life, remainder to B. for life, and if B. die before A. remainder to C. for life; here the event of B's dying before A. does not affect the determination of the particular estate, but must precede and give effect to C's remainder; but such event is dubious, it may or may not happen, and the remainder depending on it, is therefore contingent.

3d. Where the condition upon which the remainder is limited, is certain in event, but the determination of the particular estate may happen before it, *in*, where a remainder is limited to take effect upon an event, which though it certainly must happen some time, yet may not happen until after the determination of the particular estate. As if a lease be made to A. for life, and after the death of B. the lands to remain to another in fee; now it is certain that B. must die some time, but his death may not happen until after the determination of the particular estate by the death of A.; and therefore such remainder is contingent.

4th. Where the person to whom the remainder is limited, is not yet ascertained, or not yet in being. As if a lease be made to one for life, remainder to the heirs of A.; now there can be no such person as the heir of A., until his death—*nemo heres vivens est*, which may not happen until after the determination of the particular estate by the death of the tenant for

life, therefore such remainder is contingent.

A second doctrine of good uses, is the second degree. As a limitation to A. with B. as tenant for life, and after B. and C. return from Rome, and the death of B. to the son of A. in fee, which shall first, or alone attach, the age of 21 years. Here the remainder is to the son of A. in fee, as it depends on B's return from Rome, parties of the nature of the first, so far as it depends on C's return, of the second—*in*, as it depends on the death of B. of the third; and so far as it depends upon A's having a son, who first or alone shall attach the age of 21 of the fourth.

THE WIDOW.
BY EDGAR ORVILLE.

My readers have seen a luxuriant vine climbing up and entwining itself about the body of a stately oak—its delicate tendrils clasping and clinging to the spreading branches, while its tender shoots year by year rise higher and higher. Such is the relation between man and wife—the latter buoyant with hope so long as the strong arm of her husband affords her protection. But the woodman cuts the forest, and lays low this stately tree—tearing it ruthlessly from the fond embrace of the tender vine, which, with its half matured fruit, is left trailing on the ground. Such is the state of the widow. Vainly the vine looks meekly up to Heaven, and kisses the dew sent down to cheer and revive its drooping branches—its proud support is gone! So it is with the widow. Losing the stay of her earthly hopes, she humbly looks to a throne of Heavenly grace, and meekly asks the aid of Him who hath said that "not a sparrow

shall fall, but he shall stand before King's throne shall be a man's man." Hence if we would enjoy the society of the wise and intelligent, we must give diligence to our profession.

Man was never destined to arrive at true greatness, to secure the funeral wreath of honor, and to secure for himself an immortal name, without that nothing and which has ever been a characteristic feature of the truly great. Behold the good and wise of former days, who have left to our inheritance the richness of blessings pouring down in volumes from their golden mouths to let others than ourselves, diligence and perseverance was the motto of each. Shall we not follow their example—And by modifying diligence, add to the volume of this stream of literature as it rolls on, that it may bear a richer freight of blessing to our successors.

The truth of this text is seen in a remarkable manner in the life of the great Benjamin Franklin, he who taught the virgin lightnings, and with "Nature conversed." He was a man of common origin; first, engaged in a *map* and *card* manufacture; next, a "Printer's boy;" thence he made his appearance in the literary world. Finally, behold the great Philosopher and Statesman, moving among the unnumbered throngs in the brilliant courts of Versailles, in a manner too that twined the unfolding wreath around his state-ly brow and reflected honor upon his native land.

What a noble example for us to follow.— Yet how few are content to plod their weary way in obscurity in the world, in the old and beaten track; they wish, with one bounding leap to come forth, full-fledged, Minerva-like, pouring out their eloquence from the towering brain of Jove.

Let these remember that man is a progressive being, and that whatever be their rank or station, Providence will not for their sake reverse its established order. Step by step we must ascend the upward hill of science. By untiring zeal, alone, he can reach the fountain head, from whence flow the crystal waters.

A CASE OPERATION.

"Hallo, there, captaining," said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what day in charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and board," said the captain.

"Wall, I guess I'll take passage, captaining, seeing as how I'm kinder gin out walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the fixins to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, captaining, from here to where I got on board?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, captaining, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now. I'm kinder rested out."

Twenty couple were divorced at the late session of the Superior Court in New London, Ct.

RELIGIOUS WORLD.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.
The correspondent of the *Age of the Church*, speaking of the condition and prospects of Protestantism in France, says:

"It is very interesting to notice how much Protestantism is now brought forward in the public press. Men are diving into the dark stream of history, and bringing many things to light—

Wedges of gold, great anchors, beads of pearls,
Innumerable stones, invaluable jewels,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting souls,

"Many of these reflecting gems are being raised, and shine resplendent in the sun, however those who buried them never expected it! And wofully do they reflect on those dead men, whose reputation thereby withers and perishes. Some of our reviewers candidly acknowledge that they knew nothing until lately of the persecutions under Louis XIV.

"We were lately reading," says the *Opinion Nationale*, "in the last volume of Michelet, the terrible history, too little known, of the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes, and of the drag-cannades. We frankly confess our ignorance; we had not an idea of anything like it; and yet we had read, like every one else, in general history, of the edict of tolerance being revoked, of Protestants being watched, ill-treated, persecuted, obliged to turn, or to emigrate. But, expressed, in moderate and general terms, such facts had brought to our mind nothing but a vague idea, very far from representing in any degree the horrible truth." Then follow some of the harrowing details well known by all English readers, but brought out in strong relief by the powerful and feeling touch of Michelet. On the other hand, the Ultramontane organs are furious that Michelet should have "once more insulted the religion of France, and defiled her glories." They may well cry out, for it ill-behooves those who uphold the system under which the best men of the time gave their approbation not only to persecution, but to wholesale, barefaced purchase of apostasy, falsely to accuse us to-day of doing what they approved in the grand monarch.

"The pages of Michelet in this new work will do much in hastening the downfall of Ultramontanism. All France will read them; but how many will carry on the thoughts thus aroused until they find truth and rest for their floating, fluttering souls, in the Gospel of a God of love! The jubilee, and the Protestant History Society, are gradually expanding short notices of the Church of Christ, here and there into volumes of the greatest interest. Thus the history of the Church in Poitou has just been completed by a second volume; and this year has been reprinted the Persecution of the Church of Metz, from the only known copy, found at Cassel. May these treasures of the past, rescued by modern research from their long concealment, be a powerful agent in the hands of God to arouse, establish and strengthen us.

"We greatly need it. The Lord is thinning our ranks; the last, among many called away lately to their holy rest, was Mademoiselle de Chaboud Latour, whom to name was ever to call a grateful smile of warm feeling from all. The translator of *Romanic*, and *Adams' Private Thoughts*, of J. Newton's *Life and Works*, of Lady Wake's *Commentary*, etc.; the sprightly and solid teacher of Talbot Sunday class for twenty-five years; the intellectual companion; the firm, true, self-sacrificing friend; the wise counsellor; the true evangelist, whose perfect tact never went beyond her sphere—such was the character whom all joined to mourn. M. Guizot, and Pastors Grand Pierre, Ed. de Pressense, Cazalis, after the venerable president of the Reformed consistory, Pastor Juillard, gave utterance to the sorrow of the churches around her grave."

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday the 11th inst., at half past 3 P. M.; Hon. Luther Bradish in the chair, assisted by William B. Crosby and Benj. L. Swan, Esqs. Three new auxiliaries were recognized: one in New Jersey, one in Georgia, and one in Kansas territory. Communications were received from agents, giving an account of the work in their several fields; from Jason W. Stone, Para, South America, giving an account of the distribution of the Scriptures up the Amazon and Madeira rivers; from Rev. Mr. Blackford, Rio Janeiro, acknowledging the receipts of books from this society and giving encouraging accounts as to the prospect for circulating the Scriptures in Brazil; from Mr. James Oliver, Fray Bentos, in regard to distribution of the Scriptures in Uruguay; from Col. Tronchin, Geneva, sending accounts of the labor of Bible distributors in Italy, and requesting further appropriations; from Rev. J. G. Baldwin, Fuh Chan, in regard to version of the Holy Scriptures in China; from the secretary of the Netherlands Bible Society, with a donation for the library of valuable books relating to the Indian Archipelago, and giving a statement of the distribution of the Holy Scriptures by that society.

Grants of books were made to the American Tract Society; to the New York Colonization Society; for recaptured Africans in Liberia; German Bibles for distribution in Canada; Bibles and Testaments in various languages for Rio Janeiro, for Ceylon, and the region of the Uruguay River, S. A., and Bogota; with several grants to needy Sunday school-where there are no auxiliaries, and for distribution in Kansas, Texas, and California, in places where there are no societies; and eighteen volumes

in raised letters for the blind—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

PROTESTANT TEACHERS FOR ROMANISTS.

The Paris correspondent of the *London News* of the Churches says: "This is one of the peculiarities of our time—Roman parents make it a condition that their children shall be brought up in Protestant principles, which they regard as far superior to their own. I might give instances, but it is a general feeling, pervading thoughtful men of all ranks, that Protestants have an admirable system of education, giving a high sense of honor, a love for home, and a respect for domestic virtues, almost unknown elsewhere. Some of the Professors of Paris colleges have asked what system we adopted that always made our youths the best in their establishments?"

OBJECTIONS TO A LARGE SALARY.

Ministers in our day rarely object to an increase of salary, but we find in an exchange a capital story of an old Connecticut pastor, who declined it for very substantial reasons: His country parish raised his salary from three to four hundred dollars. The good man objected, for three reasons.

"First," said he, "because you can't afford to give more than three hundred."

"Second, because my preaching isn't worth more."

"Third, because I have to collect my salary, which, heretofore, has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred it will kill me."

MEXICO WILLING TO RECEIVE LIGHT.

We learn that the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Agent of the American Bible Society, has recently made an excursion into Mexico, as far as the city of Monterey, and that he met with a cordial reception in his work of circulating the Scriptures. We understand that he found the way open for "preaching the Gospel, and building churches. Should not the attention of evangelical churches be directed to the occupancy of Northern Mexico?"

THE HIEROGLYPHICS OF EGYPT.

It is well known that some remarkable confirmations of disputed historic statements in the Pentateuch have been derived from the deciphered inscriptions of the ancient oppressors of the Hebrew people. It is not so generally known, however, that now every species of Egyptian hieroglyphic is so well understood that there is no inscription existing of which a true translation cannot, with time and patience, be obtained.

This result is one of the greatest triumphs of modern philological research, and is due to the labors of Young, Champollion, Bunten, and a dozen other investigators, some of whom have spent in this work the labor of more than half a lifetime.

The St. Louis Conference commenced its annual session in this city on yesterday (the 10th,) Bishop Kavanaugh presiding.

Most of the members of the Conference are in attendance, and look as though they would soon be ready to open another annual campaign. We hear, however, of some who will likely locate; others who will, perhaps, transfer to other Conferences, and others, again, who will be compelled to desert from traveling, for want of health. But, while we must all regret to lose the services of these brethren, and especially regret that a want of health deters some of them from engaging longer in active labors, we rejoice that the ranks are likely still to be kept well supplied by new recruits, some of whom now, for the first time, are to enter the itinerancy, and others, coming from other Conferences, where they have labored faithfully, and gathered many sheaves for their Master's garner.—*St. Louis Advocate*.

DEATH OF A TENNESSEE HERMIT.

The McMinnville (Tenn.) *New Era* announces the death, on the 23d ult., of Daniel West, the well-known hermit of the mountains, at the age of seventy-eight. He had lived for a number of years in the hollow of a large American poplar tree, in the opening of which he had fitted a rude door. In the centre of this hollow he would build his fire in winter and for cooking his plain meals. This hollow also served as his sleeping apartment, and it is said he slept in a sitting posture, reclining against the wall of his house. Adjoining or near to this tree he had a rude shed which he used as a workshop, where he manufactured chairs, boxes, cider mills, &c. He was a North Carolina by birth, and was a soldier in the war of 1812. He was at the Mobile station when the battle of New Orleans was fought, and heard the booming of the guns.

A FEMALE ADMIRER OF GARIBOLDI.

The Countess La Torre is a lady so devoted to Garibaldi and his cause that she follows the dictator wherever he goes. At Caserta she wore a sort of bloomer dress, pantaloon man's hat with red feather, and high boots. For arms she carried a revolver and sabre, both of which she can use with deadly skill.

A new Post office has been established in Union county, called "Mount Verd," Col. J. M. Stewart, P. M.

I. M. Patridge, Esq., a native of North Carolina but now editor of the Vicksburg Whig has been elected Major General of Mississippi.

FLORA TEMPLE AGAIN A WINNER.

Syracuse, Oct. 13.—In a match to-day between Flora Temple and George N. Patchen, the mare was again the victor. Time—2:25—2:25—2:25.

Fifteen pickpockets were arrested last Thursday while operating in Broadway, New York.

THE TIMES.

Harper's Weekly.

We have been receiving this weekly for several years and take pleasure in recommending it to any and all who desire an illustrated news, and miscellaneous journal. It is the only illustrated paper we are acquainted with that keeps pace with the age. The last number contains a most admirable wood cut of the Ball given to the Prince in New York on the 12th inst., and an amusing representation of the young gentleman's defeat at ten-pins by a lady of Washington City, besides numerous other good illustrations. It is an excellent number.

Appeal of "The Ladies' Washington National Monument Society."

To the Judges and Inspectors of Elections of the various Towns, Wards, Precincts, and Election Districts in the United States; to every Paper and Periodical published, and to the whole people.

The Monument of George Washington remains unfinished in the capital of the Republic he founded. Do you reverence his name and memory? and will you not contribute your aid and your efforts to complete the great structure which is designed to commemorate his virtues, his sacrifices, and his devotion to the cause of human liberty? Are not his example, and the Republic he founded, and the unexampled prosperity you enjoy, deserving of such a memorial? The ladies of the United States believe so; the whole of our people believe so; and the civilized and enlightened nations of the whole world believe so. Shall we prove recreant to the obligations thus imposed upon us? We cannot believe such a thing possible. We therefore appeal to you, one and all, to aid in carrying out the plan presented below, viz:

1. The judges or inspectors of election in the ensuing Presidential election, (or any person, if they fail to do so,) provide boxes in which to receive contributions, and appoint suitable persons to take charge of them.

2. Every voter, for either the Presidential candidates, is earnestly entreated to deposit in the box thus provided some sum of money, however small, for the object in view.

3. It is respectfully requested, in order that universal attention may be called to the subject that every newspaper and periodical in the Union, will give this notice one or more insertions, with such comments as their respective editors may think just and proper.

4. On the day after the election the persons so receiving the amounts contributed are requested to transmit the same by draft, or in postage stamps, to Mrs. Anna M. Corby, Secretary of this Society, at Washington, D. C., who will acknowledge the receipt thereof; or, where it is more convenient, these amounts may be sent the Vice-Presidents of this Society, in the following States and Territories, viz: In New York, to Mrs. Reuben Hyde Walworth, at Saratoga Springs; in Missouri, to Mrs. Robert M. Henderson, at Lexington; in South Carolina, to Mrs. Floride C. Cunningham, at Charleston; in Indiana, to Mrs. William Sheets, at Indianapolis; in Florida, to Miss Margaret C. Brown, at Tallahassee; in Arkansas, to Mrs. Ebert H. English, at Little Rock; in Mississippi, to Mrs. Giles M. Bilyer, at Natchez; in New Jersey, to Mrs. Jane Van Wagener, at Paterson; in Oregon, to Mrs. Mary E. Holbrook, at Oregon City; in Nebraska, to Mrs. Gilbert C. Monnell, at Omaha; in California, to Mrs. William S. Long, at Sacramento City; in Vermont, to Mrs. John G. Saxe, at Burlington; in Tennessee, to Miss Sallie Bell, at Murfreesboro; and in Pennsylvania, to Mrs. Richard Vaux, at Philadelphia; each of whom will transmit the same, as directed in the Constitution of our Society.

5. When the reports are all in, the Secretary will publish in the Washington papers the amounts received and from what sources.

6. The ladies who fill the subordinate offices of our Society in all portions of the Union are requested to co-operate with the civil officers first above named in making this universal efficient and successful; and I would suggest that this notice be preserved for the guidance of all who feel and take an interest in the completion of the Monument.

Including the prayerful hope that the people of the whole nation will unite their efforts with those ladies who are engaged in this most laudably enterprise, I subscribe myself, in behalf of our Society.

Very respectfully,
Mrs. FINLAY M. KING, President of the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society.

Attest:
Mrs. ANNA M. CORBY, Secretary, Washington, D. C.

State Agricultural Society.

At a meeting held by this society on Wednesday evening last, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. W. R. Holt, of Davidson; Vice Presidents, E. A. Cradup, of Franklin; S. F. Patterson, of Caldwell; R. R. Bridges, of Edgecombe, and W. B. Wadsworth, of Craven; Treasurer, J. F. Hatchings, of Wake; Secretary, P. F. Pescud, of Wake.

The Executive committee consists of W. R. Cox, W. R. Poole, R. S. Tucker and P. E. Smith, of Wake; Kenneth Rayner, of Hertford; J. W. B. Watson, of Johnson; Thos. Watson, of Burke; Dr. W. J. Hawkins, of Warren; Dr. James Williamson, of Caswell and David Hinton, of Wake.

Committees to select an orator, Judge Thos. Ruffin, B. F. Moore, and Kenneth Rayner. Committee whose duty it is to settle with the

Treasurer of the Society, W. H. Jones, W. W. Whitaker, and Curtis H. Brogden.
Marshalls: Chief Marshall, Col. E. P. Jones, of Greensboro; Assistant Marshalls, R. K. Ferrell, J. M. Crenshaw, Jasper Flemmings, J. K. Marriott, Gen. J. Stafford and Wm. J. Saunders.

The following gentlemen were appointed delegates to represent the State Society at Fairs mentioned, viz:

Delegates to Richmond, Va., Fair, D. M. Barringer, W. R. Cox, Kenneth Rayner, Dr. W. J. Hawkins and B. F. Moore.

Delegates to Wayne County Fair, John H. Bryan, Jr., Dr. P. E. Hines, H. W. Hasted, W. W. Holden, J. W. Syme and J. B. Bill-gers.

Delegates to the Newbern Fair, P. E. Smith, G. W. Watson, R. H. Whitaker, E. S. Tucker, and E. Hall.

Delegates to Charlotte Fair, Maj. S. W. Cole, D. M. Barringer, A. C. Hege and S. H. Rogers. Raleigh Press.

The Way to Use Fairs.

Hundreds and thousands of good people will attend County and State fairs in the next two months. To very many of them, the question, how they can secure the greatest good from them, will present itself as one of the most important. And they may desire (without being able to get it) the advice of some friend whose experience will save them the loss of time and money. For the benefit of such, and all others who may receive advantage therefrom, we make the following suggestions:—

1st. If possible go at the beginning and stay to the end; especially do this if you have a great distance to travel. Suppose a State Fair lasts three days, and you have to go one hundred and fifty miles to be there. In time and money, it will cost you fifteen dollars to attend one day. To attend three days it will cost you, say, 18 dollars; that is to say, you will receive more than three times as much advantage for eighteen dollars as you will for fifteen.

2d. For the same reason, make all arrangements to have all the time at your command to attend the Fair while you are there. If possible, get a good, quiet boarding place before-hand. This will save time, avoid annoyance, and increase your enjoyment. Do not spend your time in seeing notorious women of your kind, nor in visiting the theatre, nor in visiting the thousand things that will invite your notice outside. When you have more than you can do to attend the Fair, you cannot afford to waste your time in such a way, whatever you might be weak enough to do at other times.

3rd. If you are engaged in any special department of business, attend at first to that which concerns that. In the multitude of the objects, you must make your selection; you cannot attend to everything. Of course your own business should claim your first attention. If you are raising sheep, you will study especially all the breeds of sheep present, make the acquaintance of other men engaged in the same business, make comparisons, exchanges, and attend to all that pertains to your own group of operations. So of other things.—Become as thoroughly posted on all matters you wish particularly to examine, by reading and inquiring before you leave home, as possible; such knowledge will be of great use to you in making observations.

4th. Conduct your observations according to some previously conceived plan, and make a note of everything which may be useful to you in your note book, for future use; you can accomplish five times as much with a note book as without one. Try it.

5th. When you have examined all that relates to your own business, then, and not till then, examine other matters as far as you can, pursuing the same systematic course. Go slowly through the several departments, carefully noting and laying up for future thought, all the materials you can. Do this well, and you will be surprised to find how much you can treasure up in a day.

6th. In matters in which you are a novice, venture no opinion, but ask all the questions you properly can, and pay great attention to the judgment of experienced men. If you can fall in with a group of such men, as they are examining, for example, the show of cattle, listen to their remarks and discussions. You will learn more thus, in an hour, perhaps, than you ever knew before. It is a very great matter to know what they say and think, and why they say and think so.

7th. Make the acquaintance, as far as you can, of the leading men in each department of improvement. To know personally the leading stock men, nurserymen, gardeners, editors, authors and all others whose skill or intelligence has given them a position and influence, will be a great gratification now, and may be of great use in future.

8th. Finally, resolve to go to your State and County Fairs, and learn all you can.—Make yourself familiar with all the above suggestions, and act on them, and our word for it, when you return you will thank us, and feel that your time and money have been well spent.—*Ohio Farmer*.

THREATENED STARVATION OF THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS.

All accounts concur in the statement that the people of Kansas, in consequence of the failure of the crops, are on the point of suffering for want of the actual necessities of life. Thaddeus Hyatt, in his letter to the President, speaking of the postponement of the sale of government lands in that Territory, says:

Thousands of once thrifty and prosperous

American citizens, are now perishing of want. Winter is upon them of clothing they are nearly bereft; food they have not to last them through the cold season that is approaching. Of over a hundred thousand people upon Kansas soil third have left; of the remainder it is safe to say that forty thousand at this moment see nothing but exodus or starvation at the end of the sixty days now just before them; from ten to twenty thousand look with only despairing eyes upon the little which their neighbors deprive themselves of to give them—neighbors equally unfortunate and with whom the starvation is merely a question of but a few days longer; while still other thousands, if not at once relieved, must perish from hunger or the diseases that follow in its train. Some have already died, others are daily dying; while the hours grow darker and the days wax longer for the living to whom relief comes not, and whose eyes are aching with watchings for the succor that delays.

MARVELOUS CAVE IN MISSISSIPPI.

A female correspondent of an Eastern Journal writes from Shabuta, Miss., of a wonderful cave near that place, as follows:

"This cave is six miles long, extending from Eucetta creek, where we entered to Chickasaw river. At the river there are air holes, where the air rushes in like thunder. Mr. D. took a rope with him and went to the distance of a mile. He says that there are shelves formed in the rock in the cave shaped like a dog. As the light is held near it, it seems covered with diamonds. There are several snakes formed in the rock that are enough to scare any body; they are so natural. The cave is from ten to fifteen feet wide and is between fifty and seventy-five feet high in some places and so dark that you can't see a foot before you.

SHOCKING SUICIDE IN MAHONING COUNTY, OHIO.

The Mahoning Sentinel relates a shocking suicide which occurred recently in that county.

An elder man named J. A. Spaight had a disagreement with his wife, in part respecting a boy of hers by a former husband. During the war of words, he demonstrated a disposition to kill both the woman and the boy, and actually fired his shot gun at the former, but fortunately missed her. She ran from him, and escaped his murderous design. Upon returning to the house in company with others, Spaight was found in a dying condition with the lower part of his face blown away, having shot himself through the head. In this horrible condition he lived but ten minutes, and then breathed his last, without being able from his extreme misery and pain, to give any account of himself or the affair. He was occasionally disposed to intoxication and was supposed to have been in that state at the time of the criminal deed.

DEAD.

Albert Roscher the celebrated African traveler, was killed by natives in March last. According to the tale of his servant Roscher who has returned to Zanibar, Dr. Roscher had reached the Lake of Nyassa at the end of October. His murderers have been seized.

LARGE YIELD OF WINE.

The Washington (Mo.) *Advertiser* says that Geo. Weisner, of that place, from the one-fiftieth of an acre, made 155 gallons of wine, worth \$310, or \$2 per gallon.

SNOW.

The whole of Canada, Northern New York and New England, was visited by a fall of snow on the night of the 11th inst. In Burlington, Vt., it fell to the depth of five inches.

GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Lodge, A. Y. M. of N. C. will meet in Raleigh Dec. 31.

GRAND DIVISION.

The Grand Division S. T. of N. C., will meet in Lincolnton, Nov. 14.

ARMS FROM ENGLAND.

The Commissioners appointed under a law of the Virginia Legislature, to procure arms for the better defence of the State, have been in correspondence with the manufacturers of the Enfield Rifle, in England, and been offered 5,000 of that arm at a price near sixty-five shillings, British, (\$16.) for each piece. They have written to say that they will take 2,500 at that price.

CONDITION OF THE U. S. TREASURY.

The receipts into the U. S. Treasury the first quarter of the present fiscal year, commencing with July, are about \$18,000,000; those during the present week, \$877,000; subject to draft \$4,198,000.

A large number of sellers of ardent spirits in St. Petersburg, Lituania and Moscow, have failed. These failures are said to have been occasioned by the great success of the Temperance Societies recently organized.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT TO ROYALTY.

Prince Albert narrowly escaped with his life from a collision on the railroad, while accompanying Queen Victoria to Coburg. After arriving there, while driving out one morning, his carriage was run into by a road wagon and the Prince, leaping out to save himself, was badly cut and bruised.

A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER STRIKES OIL.

A journeyman printer in an Erie printing office, as we are reliably informed, put on a "sub" last week, went to the Mendville oil district bought an oil claim on time, struck oil, and has been offered \$20,000 for his chance. He had better take it. It is "a fat take."—The lucky printer's name is George Simon-ton.

Times' Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Now and then Papers.

Country Life.—Inscribed to Miss F. H. of B.
BY PAUL RIVINGTON.

City life does very well during the cold months of winter—in fact, it is the only period when tricks and mortar, granite and stone, glass and wood, which make the buildings, have any interest to me. I never feel that longing desire to inhabit the costly mansion which years its splendid self on the broad avenue of the city, as I do to make my home in some quiet old farm house, (Parish style) nestled away near to the mountains and forest. Hidden from the road by tall elms and willows, with a lawn near by of nicely shaven grass and a choice sprinkling of nature's rarest flowers. Such a spot whenever I look upon it, always makes me break the tenth Commandment:—“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, &c.” During my ramblings about the ancient village of Bennington, in Vermont, many were the “air castles” I indulged in. One antique mansion—very much so—Parish in style to the letter—annoyed me as well as gave me visions of pleasure whenever I looked near to it and gazed with ecstatic eyes upon its heavy, quiet, pretentious form, as it silently stood in a garb of worn-out grey, far back in a spacious yard amid trees, shrubbery and tall grass, left to grow and ramble as they pleased. This cozy nook was my “chateau” while at B. It was situated just off from the main road on the trout run—though many might consider it a worn-out, gloomy old shell, yet to me this very place, the wilderness of the trees and shrubbery, the quiet and care worn appearance of the place in front, with the old elms that Time had been frolicking with, all made me long for the possession of it. I cannot say whether it was occupied or not, I never saw a human being enter or leave from its doors. Though I visited it often by the head-light of day, at the twilight—yes, in the late hours of evening, too, when the full moon shed her streaks of silvery light over and around it, robbing it of the gloom and timeworn air which neglect and want of repair had done; and for the time lighting it with rays of silver, which gave a mellowness to the dark green foliage and fragrant flowers and made the grey garb which the Parian mansion wore, soft and pleasing to the eye. At the back of this quaint dwelling, the Green Mountains rose in all their native grandeur; between them and the farm, the eye was privileged to look upon a valley loaded with waving rye and wheat, whose headed beauty, after a rain, was gilded with silver tear-drops, which the moon's rays shone and kissed as if coaxing these partly favorites from the witching loveliness of the eye. Such was the spot I coveted. For once I longed to be rich. And then, thought I, would not this house, these grounds, the trees, flowers, grass, and the old well, with its ancient digging and moss covered bucket, the piazza and eken seats. Indeed, what a glorious time we would have. A meeting full of romance and pleasure. I thought how I would introduce myself to each and say: “Welcome, friends.” “I have come to protect you in your old age.” And I fancied as I spoke first to the well, I saw the bucket dance on the silvery water with glee, and shouting: “All hail, to the new owner.” The trees waved their leafy boughs and said, “We greet you.” And the fragrant flowers whispered in all their modesty, “You are welcome! we rejoice.” The piazza, as I stepped upon it and seated myself on the eken benches, squeaked forth, “Hail! friend, we're glad to see you.” Again I thought how I'd walk amid the grass and pay my respects to the barn and enquire into their grievances and assure them they should be made comfortable and happy. Fancy led me still further and I said, “Here is a check, Mr. Owner, for this property,” and then we had the deed drawn and recorded, making me the rightful owner—and all that I so coveted, methought was mine. He handed me the keys, and after a few words, left. I wondered if he cared for the old house—no, I thought not. He was deep in the busy world, and that check was more to him than the faded property. And now, thought I, what a summer retreat I shall have, as I entered the gate and welcomed all around me, sitting awhile on the piazza answering a multitude of questions, propounded by my new associates, as, what was to be done in the future. The grass said, “It was time it should be mowed, for it was anxious to turn into hay, and disliked idleness and was only happy when it was useful.” The old eken bucket came dancing up from the well, brimmed full of crystal water, and he invoked me to quench my thirst, as I did so, he laughed a right merry laugh, and said, “he was completely bewitched with joy to think he was so appreciated, and he would ever be pleased to attend to all my wants.” And what did the flowers whisper—the “fair, young, flowers.” There were the Rose, Violet, Lilly, Foxglove, Brown Meadow, Saffron, Purple Heart's Ease, Snow-drop, Silver Leaved Geranium, Night Blooming Jessamine, Lemon Scented Verbena and Honeysuckle. Ah! what did they whisper? “Are you married?” “Sweet creatures,” I replied, “I am not. I'm a bachelor. I beg of you not to mention it to the Misses who may chance to come here to whisper their tales of love in your ears and perhaps coax you from your bachelor home” to bloom more beautiful from their bosoms.” What was their reply? They blushing said, “We're yours—and to you we will be as sisters, and make your bachelor retreat worthy of our calling.” “Sweet

objects of affection, I accept your mission.” I then entered the house, I passed from room to room, I promised to rid them from the annoyance of the spiders, and their cobwebs, which for long years—these impertinent and daring room pirates—had been waging war on the flies. I promised them newly papered walls with scenes of ancient days, scenes of Eastern life, and also views of our own New England. And I said, “This room shall be my study.” It was a large, venerable room, looking out upon the valley and the mountains. Ah, thought I, who carest me of this secret? Yes, here shall be my sanctum—here will I bring Milton, Pope, Addison, Dryden, Goldsmith, Ben. Johnson, Will. Shakespeare, Burns, Scott and a host of other guests who shall honor this quaint and antique old building with their mental dignity, and all shall have prominent places in the eken book cases which are to adorn the walls. Here will I place my gun, and there shall rest my fishing rod and tackle. My dog, Cato, and my evening, slick little “pointer,” Ponto, shall rest here after the day's “hunt,” during the early Autumnal evenings, when a fire is so cheering. And here will I muse and enjoy all that is beautiful and intellectual. I will name this delightful spot “Mountain Home.” Yes, here will I enjoy the sunshine and the showers—here will I romp with the flowers and pay obedience to the lofty trees, and draw delights from the wild and rugged scenery which surrounds me. I will listen to the love tales of the birds, and ever murmur a welcome to the beautiful. And then fancy whispered, “It is not yours,” but my thought was mine, and as I wander on into years, often, very often, will memory journey back to the antique mansion, right in its garb of grey, hidden away behind tall trees, where the mild winds of summer shall whisper hope to the flowers, and where, on this Autumnal afternoon, the rich fall of gold and scarlet and gold that adorns the trees about the grounds of my fancied mountain home, are one after another dropping from the boughs, and in a few brief days, they will all have faded.

They are falling, falling,
For the winds are calling—
Golden leaves,
Golden leaves,
From the trees, from the trees,
Falling are the Autumn leaves.
Ah! the sorrow that it brings,
And the sadness that it sings—
Golden leaves,
Golden leaves,
Memory ever for you grieves,
Fading, dying, Autumn leaves.

The Carnival of Crushed Crinoline.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

New York, Oct. 12, 1860.

What a flutter of flags and blending of gorgeous dyes, the waters of the bay threw back the bright colors that streamed from masthead and yard. From the Battery to Grace Church, gay banners flaunted over Broadway; even the skies hung out a few bright pennons in honor of the occasion.

The artistic representations of natural and artificial curiosities, in front of Barnum's, had disappeared, and no longer delighted the eyes of dwellers of rural districts. The Sea-lion was no longer visible; the Fat Baby had sought retirement in the bosom of his family, and the “What is it?” rested for a brief period from the arduous duties of public life, to dream, perhaps, of his early childhood, passed in his native wilds in the vicinity of the Five Points, before his head had undergone the tonsorial operation. All had disappeared for the nonce, and in their places fluttered myriads of small flags.

Stars and Stripes and Red Crosses, hob-nobbed and shook hands together in the jolliest manner imaginable, in fact everything and everybody seemed to be in a holiday mood. And wherefore? Why to greet a royal boy, who was about to gratify himself and the people by visiting our metropolis. A right royal youth, whose chin is yet innocent of a beard, but who could very dignified men to assume very undignified postures to get a peep at him. A youth, in fact, who is very fond of dancing and the girls, which shows his good taste, and proves that human nature is the same in princes as in peasants.

At about eleven o'clock, the usually quiet side streets echoed the unusual sound of omnibus wheels. Turned out of their own broad thoroughfare, coaches and carts were crammed into narrow by-ways in such ingenious entanglement that they were unable to move in any direction. Loads of cabbage were at the tender mercies of hungry horses, market men clamored at the loss of their vegetables, drivers cursed, and nervous old gentlemen got into a “state of mind.”

At twelve o'clock Broadway presented a very lively spectacle. On either side the house-tops were covered with people, every ledge and cornice was converted into pedestals for living statuary, in every variety of growing and attitude, each door and window had its tier above tier of faces, and every available tree suddenly bloomed with unwashed boys. In the Trinity church-yard, the quaintly-carved, table-like tombstones of the last century, formed convenient standing places for whole families.

Old Saint Paul seemed to look down from his niche with an expression of astonishment on his benign countenance; the little round windows on each side of him formed frames for groups of eager faces, and I believe that the Apostle's shoulders would have been bestraddled had they been accessible. The “wonders of the loom” were taken from the store windows, and in their places were articles of finer fabric, richer workmanship, and more delicate coloring than ever before had been exhibited,

in the shape of laughing sunny-haired children, and fond mothers.

Such was the scene as I walked down Broadway in the channel of humanity, and when I reached the little circular grass plot called the “Green,” I found the crowd so dense and still increasing, that I determined to return, so I joined the flood stream and was stranded in the neighborhood of the Museum. This was about two o'clock and no sight of the Prince yet. The side walks were solid, but the space between the curb stones was filled with a shifting mass of humanity. Looking up towards Grace Church as far as the vision could reach the street seemed paved with a solid mass of heads, so solid, indeed, it seemed that a coach and four might bowl over it as easily as over a cable-stone pavement. Men, women, children and very little babies were packed together like figs in a drum, to the utter demolition of hoops and destruction of tender feet; some had been there since nine o'clock and were so tired, that, defying all conventionalities, they seated themselves on the curb, and indulged in whatever edibles they could obtain from the perambulating vendors of ginger nuts, apples and pies. One Hibernian lady did a thriving business, she called her penny patties “Rouffey Tarts” and sold them for three cents a piece out of compliment to the Prince. Little Johnny's small Matilda's made up their minds that seeing the Prince was not what they imagined it to be, and therefore cried out quite lustily, very well knowing that the usual chastisement could not be inflicted upon them for want of room. Not a sign of the Prince yet.

Faithful infans wailed, the sun shone hot, the band at the Museum discoursed sweet music, Barnum put his head out of a window, the crowd cheered, and your correspondent's back ached from long standing. Boom—Boom—Boom.

He is landing at Castle Garden; cheer from the little boys in the trees. Two or three hats fell from the roofs, followed by a hail of snow of torn paper. More cheers. The crowd got happier. A group of damsels jubilant, one says to another,

“Do you know what I'll say to the Prince, when he comes along?”

“What will you say, Maggie?”

“I'll say, come here till I kiss you for your mother's sake.”

“Wouldn't you like to?” Is retorted.

Two Irishmen elbow through the crowd the only ones visible in the vast concourse, one exclaims to his companion:

“Faith, his mother shud nurse him a fife longer before shuding him to this country.”

“That's a fact, Jamie.”

Boom—Boom—Boom.

The Prince is reviewing the military. From windows and house-tops thousands of many colored streamers flutter from as many bonnets belonging to as many fair ones in the agony of expectations.

Another hour passes; small party without hat remarks that Wales had better hurry up if he wants him to look at him. Wales does not hurry however. Men, women, and children getting weak in the joints.

But look! away below Trinity Church, a storm of linen lambs is raging fiercely.—He is coming.

From every nook and embrasure, bright eyes flash, and lovely forms bend eagerly forward. Music is heard in the distance and the crowd parts before twelve mounted policemen; hats are crushed and hoops are splintered. Small policeman on large horse forces his way along; dirty faced boys puts the quadruped on the flank and inquires “What is it?” “Giraffe,” from factions youth. Six horses, a carriage and the Prince arrives. Cheers, confusion and God save the Queen, from Barnum's band.—General jamming. Anxious damsel complains that she can't see him, very whiskerless but romantic youth overhears her, and comes to the rescue, he raises her up to the best of his ability, she sees the Prince but he does not, all his five hours work and waiting goes for nothing, but he retires with the consciousness of having done a good deed, and a wilted collar.

The Prince passes leaving behind him a tumultuous wake of hats and bonnets. The military far behind.

The masses rush for the City Hall, where the Prince is to take another look at the soldiers.

Broadway above the exit from the Park is blocked to suffocation; perspiring policemen endeavor to make a lane by shoving the crowd beyond the curb stones, they partially succeed one dauntless M. P. advances boldly on a mass of bulging crinoline and grows red in the face in trying to thrust it beyond curb, but owing to the expansive nature of the material, he no sooner relaxes his efforts than it assumes its usual rotundity, the delighted spectators encourage him with cries of “Go it old boy!” “At it again.” He unbuckles his coat and redoubles his efforts, but still the inevitable bulge, he gives it up in despair, and with a look of injured innocence he charges on a small boy who tries to cross the street and leads him off in triumph.

Soon the military appears issuing from the park, and for more than an hour file after file and regiment after regiment, Artillery Highlanders and Zouaves defile up Broadway between dense thickets of humanity. At last the six black horses again appear, slowly making their way through the throng which impedes their progress. The bashful young Prince in his red uniform lifts his hat to the populace, and passes on, the multitude closes around in wild confusion here is a grand rush, after the carriage, your correspondent is carried some distance without touching the ground, one

corpulent lady from the country is whirled around with such velocity that the City Hall and Grace Church blend together in her vision forming one grand dissolving view.

The pageant is over, and many a maiden on whose fair face the eyes of the royal youth have rested for a moment, goes home to dream of Princes and Pageants and to mourn on the morrow over the untimely end of her “Patent Extensions.” Twilight falls, and your correspondent, extricating himself from the crowd, with weary limbed and pulverized toes, with dust in his eyes and a rent in his coat wends his way homeward.

Others may give you a more glowing description of the grand reception, but I have described it as I saw it, and now as I write a feeling of extreme antiquity which pervades my whole system urges me to register a vow that, though all the princes of the universe should visit us, I for one, will not sit in their reception.

MAX SIFAN.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A sickly girl, in Plymouth, N.H., a somnambulist, with a strong propensity to run off with things and hide them where they could not be found, nor she herself remember, so that at last it was found necessary to lock her securely at night, made off a few nights since with a valuable watch. Then the family gave her liberty, and watched her movements, in hope that the same remembrance that carried it off would again find it. The other night she started out, followed by her brother. She walked places that he dare not follow, but the moonlight helped to show her course, and he kept along. Finally she walked up the trunk of an old tree, that hung at an angle of forty five degrees over a brook, stood firmly at the end, while the tree swayed beneath her, and to pine down, brought out the watch. Returning to terra firma, the brother waked her, took the property, and then hurried home.

EXTRAORDINARY ABDUCTION OF AN HEIRESS.
The Rio Janeiro correspondent of the New York Times says:

Some months or two since, as a Sonor Luis Antonio Carvalho, one of the wealthiest men in Rio, was returning with his family from the opera, his carriage was furiously stopped, and a young man presenting a revolver, demanded that his daughter should follow him, which was complied with. The young man then took her by means of a small row-boat across the bay to Praia Grande, stating his intention to compel her to marry him when they should arrive at a certain place in that city, where he had made his arrangements therefor. The young lady, apparently very docile, suffered herself to be led along, and after proceeding a few hundred yards shammed a fainting fit, and declared her inability to proceed further. Under the circumstances the abductor was obliged to carry her to the nearest dwelling, threatening her at the same time with instant death if she were to disclose his intention to the occupant. By some means, however she contrived to inform the master of the house, who turned out to be a friend of her parents, and who caused the arrest of the young man and returned the young lady to her father. Yesterday the abductor was tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor, for the offence. The restorer of the daughter was rewarded handsomely by the wealthy parent, and the girl herself obliged to marry one of her father's clerks in order to save herself from a future similar annoyance. Thus ends a small tragedy which might have formed a good basis for a James' novel, and which has been the town-talk of all Rio ever since its occurrence.

PRE-PAY YOUR LETTERS.

We are requested by the Post Master to call attention to the following Regulation adopted by the Department. The habit of dropping unpaid letters in the Post Office is quite common in some places. All persons who expect their letters to reach their destination should and must pre-pay the postage:

PREPAYMENT OF POSTAGE.

Postmaster General Holt on Monday issued the following:—“Whereas by the act of 3rd March, 1855, the postage upon all letters, except such as are entitled to pass free, between places in the United States, is required to be pre-paid; and whereas the department, through courtesy, has hitherto, at considerable labor and expense, notified the parties addressed in all instances, in which the writers failed to pre-pay, that their letters would be forwarded on receiving the postage due thereon; and whereas instead of diminishing, the number of such letters continues to increase, thus showing that the omission to pre-pay is intentional; it is therefore ordered that from and after the first day of November, 1860, all such unpaid letters be sent to the dead letter office, to be disposed of in like manner as other dead letters.”

A COLORED GENTLEMAN APPOINTED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF A BRITISH COLONY.

The British Government appears to be determined to carry into practice the principles of equality set forth in the famous act of emancipation. Thus, lately, the Mayor of Kingston, Jamaica, was made a companion of the Bath, and more recently, Mr. Samuel Cockburn, another gentleman of color, and a Creole, of the island of Granada, has been appointed administrator of the Government of Montserrat.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT.

Peppermint, as an article of commerce, is largely grown in Lake county, Ohio. This year, over \$4,000 have been paid to the producers of this article, and in Painesville, the oil is worth \$2.12 per gallon.

A BURNING SPRING.

Near Wheeling, Va., there has recently been discovered a burning spring, which has excited considerable curiosity and attention. About twenty-five years ago an attempt was made to strike a salt well at this point, and a hole of nearly a thousand feet was sunk in the vain attempt. It is upon this spot where the burning spring now exists. There is a continual rumbling noise about the place, produced by the water rising up to the surface of the well.— Throw a piece of burning paper or a lighted match upon the spot, and instantly a red flame will spring up, dance about and continue to burn until blown out by a strong wind or crowded by the rain. There is no appearance of oil about the place, and the flame produced is not unlike the flame in coal gas burners.

SINGULAR ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON IN IRELAND.

A singular phenomenon was witnessed on Sunday evening week in this neighborhood. A gentleman was returning from Cramondagh with his family, and the party had just dismounted off the car to walk the last few miles to a Point, when their attention was attracted by a wonderful appearance in the heavens. Away to the north they saw several ships in the air, sailing across the face of the sky from east to west.

The line of vessels seemed to be fully five miles in length, and they appeared to be sailing down a river, whose high banks could be made out behind the ships. Some of the vessels appeared to be moored close to a fortress built on a rock. To all the party was the phenomenon distinctly visible. So clear was the air, and so close did the ships appear to their eyes, that the sailors pulling at the ropes were made out with ease, even by the children who saw the strange spectacle.

The phenomenon was nearly half an hour before it disappeared. Although the appearance of such things in the heavens may be very startling, the phenomena are not unknown about this part of the Irish coast. The “mirage,” as it is termed, often displays itself in fantastic shapes on the shores of the northern counties. It most frequently is to be seen on the coast of Antrim, especially in the vicinity of the Causeway.

About twelve years ago a very curious instance of mirage was seen in Lough Foyle. Some fishermen had been out at night with their nets. The face of the heavens was overcast and black, when the clouds suddenly parted, leaving a bright gap of clear sky in the zenith. Across this space the astonished fishermen saw some thousands of soldiers pass, rank after rank, and regiment after regiment, and so near did the phenomena appear that the dress of the officers could be easily distinguished from that of the men. It was two hours before the marching ceased, or rather before the clouds closed in and shut out the scene from view.—*Derry Standard.*

A SERIES OF SEVERE WINTERS PREDICTED.

A French meteorologist named Renou predicts a series of severe winters, of which the approaching winter is to be the first and that of 1871 the most severe. Mr. Renou thinks he has discovered that these groups of severe winters return in forty one years, and that the increase of spots on the sun indicates them. He also finds that unusual displays of aurora borealis and frequent earthquakes are simultaneous with the increase of spots on the sun and severe winters.

A WHALE ATTACKED BY A SWORDFISH.

A remarkable scene was witnessed by a boat's crew belonging to the island of Westray, about a fortnight ago. As Gavin Morat, and his boat's crew, were engaged fishing for cod, about six miles from land, to the eastward of Noup Head, they observed a large whale running rapidly toward their boat. In a little time there was a violent commotion. The whale leaped about six feet clear out of the water, when they observed that a swordfish had struck its lethal weapon into its body just behind the large fin. The huge animal continued in the greatest distress, leaping out of the water, but obviously getting more feeble, while the swordfish clung closely in spite of all its contortions. During all this time, also, a thrasher continued to strike the whale on both sides near its middle, and the wounded animal continued to bleed profusely. The three creatures passed at some little distance from the boat, and the eddies were so considerable as to make it sway not a little, though the sea was otherwise perfectly calm. When it passed, the whale was puffing so feebly that he seemed literally gasping for breath, and the men felt certain that it must have died in a short time.—*Orkney Herald.*

REMAINS OF COLUMBUS.

There is to be a new cemetery at Havana, with a superb arch at the entrance. It is proposed to place the venerated remains of Columbus within the arch, in an urn, with a silver cover, upon which will be inscribed in letters of gold the results of his successful enterprise. A bronze statue of Columbus is to be erected near by.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

A man named Burger, at Indianapolis, Ind., was terribly punished on the 4th inst., by a woman with whom he had been living, and whom he had forsaken upon taking to himself a legal wife. The mistress went to his shop with a bowl of sulphuric acid and threw it into the man's face, destroying one eye and terribly disfiguring him. His sufferings were terrible.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE.

This gentleman who has served New York for four years with signal ability, has been re-nominated for Congress.

Pick Nasturtium when green and tender. put in glass, and fill with cold vinegar, and a little salt.

The Songs of other Days.

Written for the Times.
By ADAM ISAACS MENKEN, A. M.

"When I am old, and sing to me,
The songs of other days,
I shall find in their changes true
To those familiar lays."
F. J.

Then at last, yet I cannot sing to thee,
The songs of other days;
I cannot wake the silent strings,
To those familiar lays."

I cannot sing of youth's glad hours,
None to return no more;
I cannot break the rain chain,
That time hath well worn o'er.

Fain would I wake the broken harp,
In some forgotten corner;
Fain would I sing once more the songs,
Of those remembered hours.

Ne'er again my childhood's dreams,
I hear their voices low;
And love shuts out the sleeping scenes,
That's written on my brow.

Back through the gates of Time I stray,
On dreaming things I speed;
But moulded are the mouldings—
All life's flowers are dead.

They cannot bloom in desert sands,
For with the simon's breath,
They gather up their sunny gleams,
And pass away in death.

I cannot sing with pallid lips,
The songs of other days;
I cannot lift my trembling voice,
To those familiar lays."

Yet I live.

Zuly Vane.

Written for the Times.
By IVA CLAYTON.

In a lonely little grave
Out in the falling rain,
Lies the precious little form
Of Zuly Vane.

Merrily from the window, now,
I watch the willows wave,
And the old rain coming down
On little Zuly's grave.

Children's merry laughter greets
Me as I lonely stand,
But one little, bird-like voice
Is missed among the band.

The dark night is now coming on,
And I will light the lamp,
While little Zuly lies alone
Out in the cold and damp.

And I will wait, Zuly Vane,
Beside the old hearth-stone,
There may be many more now, I hope,
Still without the Iona stone.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

By the Author of "Aunt Elsie, the Student," "Ruth Warren's Story of the Revolution," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

Dark within.

The morning came, and with it a bright and beautiful day. The departure, who had excited such an interest in the different members of that happy family, took an early leave. He left, with the warm feelings of strangers-friends in his behalf and their best wishes for his future welfare. Nor did he leave without expressing as well as his full heart could, his earnest desires that he who had so blessed them thus far, would continue his rich gifts to them. It was useless for him to reward them for their kindness, and were he able, he could not do anything to compensate for those rich words of comfort and consolation which he had given them.

A halo to the wounded heart, an oil to the troubled soul, are words of sympathy and love, which flow from a true friend. The words, which, as it is commonly called, the thrasher, whose sweet and joyous song adds to the music of the babbling brook near which it lives, and sings its life away, when injured or wounded, utter but a plaintive note, and its fellows gather round it, and smoothing the ruffled feathers and chirping the plaintive note, they inspire fresh life and beauty into the wounded mate, so that its song is more joyous and enlivening, and its melody more rich and varied than any of those around him. Thus with the wounded spirit of man. His nature receives fresh vigor from words of sympathy, and his life becomes far more happy.

One thing rested upon the mind of the collector. He had found out William's earnest wish to visit the old country, and his desire to prosecute his studies further. Could he only secure William this, he felt that, though he could never pay the debt he owed, yet it would indicate his gratitude for their favor, and his desire for their good. But he was a poor collector, unable to live without labor, and choosing this way to do good, (which many people, to their shame, let it be said, consider a low occupation,) and to sustain himself; and how could he accomplish this? Still he had trust in the Merciful and the All-wise.

With William Richardson, however, the question had been decided, and his intention now was to secure a good situation as teacher, so that his mind might still be directed to study, and that he might still advance in knowledge. For a month he lingered about his father's house, loath to break its unity and happiness, but necessity compelled him otherwise, and he advertised, under his father's name.

It had been only a week after he advertised, that two letters came directed to him, both of which were of importance and gladdened the hearts around the old table as they were read. As these letters are of importance, and are intimately connected with the succeeding events in this history, we will present them.

The one first read, is as follows:

"HOWARDTON, FLORIDA, August 2nd, 18—
Sir:—By advertisement in the News of 18th

inst., I see that you desire a situation for your son. As far as your description extends I am pleased with him.

The school which I would wish your son to superintend is strictly a family school. I have three sons of the ages, fifteen, thirteen and twelve and a daughter of nine years. He would have the charge of the whole of them, instructing the two oldest in languages so as to prepare them for college, and the younger children in ordinary English branches.

You mention that he is young. This is preferable to me, as I would like him to be a companion as well as teacher.

I do not wish the session to begin, before the close of September, and end the latter part of May, at which time I would desire that my daughter be prepared to enter a seminary, or be instructed by female teachers in the branches of education most serviceable to her. My eldest son wishes to enter college at that time.

My wages will be high, as I wish to secure a good education for my children, and will be sufficient to support one, who has been even accustomed to teach in classical schools.

I hope to receive an answer concerning my proposals, three weeks from this date, or within a month.

Very respectfully, Your obt. servant,
HERVEY DEVANE.

A. W. RICHARDSON, Esq."

The other epistle was of a totally different nature:

"NEW YORK CITY, August 5th, 18—

My Dear Sir:—You will, I hope, excuse this intrusion when you read the contents.

I ascertained when I tarried with you, that your son, W. L. Richardson, earnestly desired to enter a German University, that he might prosecute his studies. It has been my aim, as far as I was able, to gratify this desire.

There is a gentleman here of wealth, who has determined to visit Europe, and will be there three years. He was desirous to have some one, who can be with him during his voyage, and during his visit to the Holy Land. This visit would take place during the latter part of his sojourn there, and would thus give the one accompanying him two years in which he could do as he wished.

I mentioned to him the case of your son, and he seemed to be pleased with my description of him and desired me to write him lately to him, telling him to meet him on the eleventh of this month in Boston. His address there will be, Charles Olney, care of Dr. J. J. Jackson, No. 119, Eighth street. The expenses will devolve on him, both those of getting there, those of the voyage, and those of tuition, and all incidental expenses.

I am very glad of this opportunity of showing my gratitude to those, whom I trust I may call, friends. Present my kindest regards to your wife and to your children, to Miss Alice and to Miss Fannie, and to William and Master Johnny.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,

FRANK HAVEN.

A. W. RICHARDSON, Esq."

Who can imagine the grateful surprise that filled the hearts of that circle, when these letters were read!

Sweet is the incense that rises from grateful hearts! The prayers that ascended from the family altar, were full of love to the Great Disposer of events, and the perfumes that rose from the offering, were grateful to Him.

It was now the 7th, and William had no time to lose. His decision was quickly made, and it met with his father's concurrence. He decided to take the opportunity, which, it seemed, Providence had expressly granted him.

He was soon ready and willing to depart, and the next day he turned his back upon his father's house, to be absent for three years and more. They seemed very long years to the circle which he left. But they were willing that the earnest youth should still labor, that he might bless mankind the more, that he might be better fitted to go out on the "world's great field of battle."

Though the eyes of all around him sparkled with tears, his gleamed with joy, as to each of them he gave a long kiss and a hearty goodbye. The day after the receipt of the letter, found him rapidly approaching the city of Boston. A few hours more, he was with his benefactor.

Mr. Olney was a gentleman of the old-school. He was a tall, spare made man, and appeared to be over fifty years of age. His hair was gray and parted in the middle, and he wore a long cane. His son, whose name was the same with that of his father, was with him, awaiting the departure of the Asia, which would take place on the 20th. He was a tall man, like his father, with striking features; high forehead, black deep-set eyes, that looked through and through, rather large nose, and heavy, black, silken beard.

It was yet three days, till the departure of the vessel, and he was at a loss to know what to do with himself. His companion, Charles Jr., as he was called, and as we will call him for the present, being well acquainted with the city, piloted William to the most interesting points. It was during these walks and rides, that they became well acquainted with each other, and appreciated the cast of mind, ability and acquisitions which each one possessed. Charles Jr., was much pleased with the modesty, earnestness and purity of life of his friend, and William Richardson was equally taken with the bold fearlessness, talent and acquisitions of the other.

Boston presents many interesting features to the stranger. Its beauty and cleanliness of streets, its rich dwellings, its elegant and costly parterres, its magnificent halls, and es-

pecially its eminent literary advantages quickly attracted William Richardson's attention. But what American, what Patriot of any land, could tread the soil of Boston, without emotions of the most thrilling nature. Who can stand upon the soil made classic, who made sacred by the blood of Warren, without his heart swelling within him with patriotism. And when by a natural transition, the mind dwells upon that great drama, by whose successful acting, millions of men have been blessed, whose heart will not fail to throb. The purest libations should be offered to those who thus acted, the libations of a nation's love. The sweetest song should be sung to the memories of our departed great, ay, it should be a choral anthem, which should resound from the great Appalachian chain to the golden cliffs of the west, murmuring its sweet refrain upon the glassy lakes, the mighty Mississippi and the great Gulf.

The morning of the third day came, and it was damp and cloudy, and a cold drizzling rain was falling. The steamer was to set sail at twelve, but ere the clock sounded nine, a telegraphic despatch summoned William home.

Rapidly and hurriedly did he pace the floor, and anon slowly and sadly. The despatch read:

"Mr. W. L. Richardson:—Your father has just died from heart-disease. He desired that you would complete your design."

YOUR MOTHER."

The agony of grief, which overwhelmed him was great and intense. How could he disobey this Presidential interference, yet how should he neglect his father's dying wish. Should all these bright visions and fair prospects be obscured? Should all these dreams of hope of usefulness and glory pass away as a summer cloud? Should all these high anticipations be thus realized, those darling desires thus quenched? Should those clear skies be so soon clouded over?

It was a sad and terrible conflict. The cold dreariness of the autumn weather without, for it seemed to be a November day, in the midst of summer, could not compare with the dreariness and vacancy of that troubled heart. The wailing winds, with their weird music, whistling through boughs still fresh and green and over gardens of blushing flowers, was not a stranger anomaly, than such deep sorrow in a heart so young and hopeful.

But he could not doubt long. Could he leave his afflicted mother, and those tender loving sisters in a cold world? Could he rest the management of that tangled estate to other hands, than of those who would pity the fatherless and the widow? No, he could not thus leave such a sacred trust, for the gratification of his own ambitious desires. Surely he could deny himself one darling pleasure, to minister to the wants of her whose life had been spent in serving him, and to the wants of the most affectionate kindred.

And now if not before, he experienced the sweet bliss of self denial. The towering oak, that spread its gnarled branches, and through whose heavy foliage, the soft wind of summer can scarcely breathe, it topped its graceful top or fresh boughs, will but shoot forth with more strength and vigor, and be clad with a more beautiful robe. 'Tis thus with the proud heart. Clothed with the richest garments of earthly desires and boasting of its eternal bloom, through which the soft breath of love can scarcely permeate, the heart, if denied these wishes will prosper under this treatment, and bless with richest beauty, the world around.

Richardson had scarcely decided, ere he told his benefactor, with tears of gratitude that he could not gratify either his or his own wishes. Though Mr. Olney regretted this decision, yet he could not but admire the nobleness of motive, the purity of heart that prompted it.

The hour of twelve arrived, but instead of hearing William Richardson on the bosom of the blue ocean, it found him going a weary way, to a sad hearth.

But a few days before, he travelled the same way, and now as then the swiftness of steam was too slow. Yet with what different emotions was he possessed. Shall we attempt to portray the sad and sorrowful scenes which his busy imagination pictured? Shall we attempt to describe the thoughts, sad yet not murmuring, which racked his brain? The anguish of the wounded heart must be felt, ere it can be known. The grief that wrings the silent sob is deeper than the thought.

William reached home, the evening after the burial of his father's remains. He could not be permitted to see the ashes of the dead. Oh! how the cold rigid form, the pinched features, the bloodless, damp forehead, is seen in every thing around. The voices of that circle were hushed, the sound of merriment was not heard. The mother's careworn face, Alice's pale sad countenance, Fannie's blood-shot eyes and flushed face and Johnny's silent treat all told the story.

Upon William the weight of sorrow rested heavily. He must sustain and soothe the afflicted family, must comfort the bereaved wife, and must cheer the fatherless. Though his own grief was deep yet it must be silent.

Were the whole of life to love and mourn the lost, the heart would be purer in its love, and holier in its grief. But the cares of the household devolved upon William, and his hands needed strengthening. Alice cheerfully performed all the ordinary functions of the family, and to the brother, was the duty of arranging the affairs of the estate.

In the hour of adversity shines out the real character, and the true beauty of woman.—The hand that would labor, though it har-

dens, is the one worth seeking, and the heart that is cheerful in its sorrow is worth loving. A little line was drawn upon the face of the fair Alice, by eating care, though she was not yet twenty. Yet was it a mark of beauty, an index to her heart.

William Richardson found the estate much complicated, and the tenure by which it was held weak and uncertain. He trembled, as he knew the stern truth. He feared lest the addition of blow to blow might weary out the sad life of some one of his loved circle, yet the reality must at length come, and he thought it best to tell them at once the truth, to break at once the intelligence than to keep them in useless and hopeless suspense. The fact must be made known either now, or in the future, that their bread must be moistened with the perspiration of labor, that their hands must be insured to toil.

William looked the fact sternly in the face, and from his heart welled up a bitter sigh, from his breast was wrung a bitter sob. He knew that the heaviest of the fire would be directed against him, yet he boldly met the foe. He was young in years, but the season past had made him years older.

With feelings indescribable he committed the management of the estate to a trust worthy friend and lawyer. With heavy heart did the bereaved family circle turn their backs upon the mansion, with which their tenderest and saddest associations had been connected. With heavy hearts did they bid farewell to the large rooms, the heavy oaken furniture, the massive lamp stand and the lamp, to those chambers in which were spent the halcyon hours of happy childhood, the brightest scenes of youth's innocent morn. The mother was filled anew with grief. William turned heavily away, Alice gazed with earnest sad look, Fannie wept with the paroxysm of childhood's grief, and Johnny wondered and wept too!

CHAPTER III.

Remont.

The home of the Richardsons was now in the far South. The little village of Howardton was blessed with their presence, and the family of Mr. Devane boasted of William Richardson as its private instructor.

William Richardson has accepted the offer, and carried his little circle with him. He hoped that if the salary to be given to the "strictly family school" teacher was not competent, Alice might obtain some scholars whom she might instruct in music. But there was no need for this; for though Mr. Devane was pretentious and vain of his promises, yet he was a true warm hearted Southern, and his pride was tempered with a good nature and a genial disposition. Still Alice preferred some labor, and had a class of six or seven of the larger girls of the village, whom she taught.

The cottage which William's mother had selected and trimmed, was situated on a hill that overlooked the village, and commanded a good view of the surrounding country. It had but five rooms, and two of these were on the upper floor. There were two yards; one extending to a little brook that wound its peaceful way, a hundred and more yards from the dwelling; the other was smaller, and was full of fresh and varied blossoms. Paths winding gracefully through the green y mounds or by the babbling stream, trees of heavy foliage and leafy leaf, the beautiful trees of vernal Florida, the music of the purring brook, dashing its limpid waters over white glittering pebbles, and gurgling in its eddies, added their beauty to the outer yard. Beds of richest flowers, trees with sweetest fragrance, brilliant-hued buds and blushing blooms, basking in the soft sunlight, or bathed in the sparkling dewdrops, contributed to the happiness of the home. Roses clambered high upon the roof, intertwined with the deep green ivy and the bright colored jessamine. The birds built their nests and warbled their matin notes in these bowers of beauty.

William Richardson had lived in this little paradise of flowers now three years, and had made many warm friends. Mr. Devane still employed him in teaching his sons Eddy and James, for Joseph who was now eighteen, had been at college a year.

The young teacher found his labors to be heavy. Mr. Devane had given his children every license, and William found it difficult to curb them. Many were the struggles for the mastery between the youthful teacher and his well-grown pupils. But he conquered, and held his authority strictly and firmly, yet kindly. He ruled by love, and his pupils almost worshipped him. Day after day, would they labor diligently with him to beautify and adorn Rosemont.

And the fair Alice lived in the same happy appreciation. Every one loved her and every one wished to do some kind art to gain an approving smile. Happiness once more entered the family circle, and hearts again throbbed with joy in union as they had done in sorrow.

Let us take a peep at that fireside to night. There is the same calm, intellectual face of Mrs. Richardson, smiling with serene joy upon the happy circle. William occupies the other corner, and has the same blue eye, sad and thoughtful in its gaze; more manly in his action, more decided in his face, and dressed with a light beard. Alice blesses the scene with her generous countenance. Fannie, blushing and sweet sixteen, laughs as though she had never known grief; while Johnny speaks of his last act of gallantry with much suavity. But other forms and other faces are there, Mr. Devane's family have moved their abode for the night to Rosemont. Mr. Devane himself has been traveling far South, and has not yet returned; but Joseph is looking into the fire with a thought-

less gaze, and displays his handsome features, when he glances with his quick eye upon the party, and smiles upon "Miss Fannie." Eddy and James, enjoying themselves in anticipation, are there too, while that timid girl is Rose Devane. There is still another girl, whose cheerful smile adds beauty to the scene. It is Jenny Marshall, one of Alice's scholars, whose sweet voice, and proficiency in music so early an age, have given her the title, Birdie. She is Rose's fast friend, nearly the same age and in the same class.

Why is it that such a happy circle is gathered round the hearth at Rosemont to night? Why is it that so many smiling hearts and smiling faces are clustered there? It is William's birthday, and he is just a man! His scholars were determined to have their fun and frolic. Alice gratified them by giving an "old Virginian candy-stew!"

How must William's heart have beat in pride and love, as this humble, yet touching memorial of their appreciation of him. Yes, it's the token of a loving, grateful heart, not the rich gift of gold and pearl that carries with the satisfaction.

The condition which Alice required, was that each of the young gentlemen should read a toast upon the occasion. Rich and rare were they as they were read at that fireside. Heavy and long were the laughs which each one occasioned. Merry and joyous were those loving hearts.

Johnny was delegated to read his first:

"Our sweet hearts! May our love for them be sweeter than the candy we will make!"

"Whom do you call on to respond, Johnny?" said William, who, being the honored guest, was acting as President.

"Birdie," was the answer.

Birdie blushed, and after little hesitation, said:

"I would amend by adding; and may we stick more closely than the candy will to our fingers."

"Well done for Birdie." The movement could not be restrained; even the grave President lost his gravity.

Eddy and James came next with theirs. One of them was complimentary to Mrs. Richardson, the other to Alice and William. To each of them, was responded a hearty wish for future happiness. The heart was too full to answer more than this.

The last toast was reserved for Joseph Devane, inasmuch as he was the "College Student;" and as it was expected, of course, that he would be able to do better than his companions.

He arose with great slowness and solemnity, and addressing William, he said:

"Mr. President:—I regret that I was unaware that this occasion would be one of so great interest, though, of course, I looked forward to much enjoyment and pleasure, and anticipated a happy season which expectations and anticipations have been fully realized; and I must confess a want of preparation. But apologies are poor apologies. Were I able, I would pay some tribute to your worth, or wealth in poetry, Miss Alice's sweet name. I may be pardoned, I trust, if I make mention of the beauty and grace of woman. Classic lore may poet's song, the historic tribute nor man's strong love can deck with proper colors, or array in suitable garments the name of woman. How then can just reward be given to the virtues that adorn the heart, or the graces that adorn the form of woman. Permit me, however, though inefficient and unworthy, to present the following toast, as impromptu:

"May her future life be as bright as her sparkling eyes are now; may the roses scattered over her pathway, be as the blushes on her fair cheeks, and may her heart never be less happy."

I have the boldness to ask Miss Fannie to respond."

Fannie had left the room.

"You have spoiled it all, Joseph, by showing this paper."

So saying, William read from a private manuscript, which had Joseph's inscription, the speech as he had prepared it.

A hearty laugh was had at Joseph's expense, and he joined in it, with good grace.

William, continuing the plan of entertainment, said:

"I will be excused, if I take this privilege of adding my mite to the feast, I hope. Yet among so many dear friends, I know not whom to compliment. I trust you will not think me partial, if I read this paper as my toast."

I know a little girl, and she
Is happy all the day,
Her song is always fresh and free,
And sure she courts away.

Her nose and cheeks are fair and white,
Her hair is brown and soft her curls,
Her laughing eyes are blue and bright,
Her teeth are like the pearls.

A modest little girl is she,
And on these lily cheeks,
The crimson blushes come and fly,
Whenever she sings or speaks.

But still her heart is warm and beats
With love and happiness,
Her life is full of joys and sweets,
Oh, may they never be less.

A sweet and precious name has she,
The name of brightest flower,
Yet unlike that, may she not be
The glory of an hour.

But had a life of joy and love,
Such as her bosom knows,
Then, blossom in the fields above,
The fair and happy Rose.

And now, little Rose, what will you say?"

How could she speak now? and what could she say? Her heart beat so loudly that she feared Birdie would hear it, and her cheeks

The trial of the people's Saviour, the element of justice, is full of not guilty verdicts. The second money, with a prince's son, On Monday, Ky., a magnificent his crest. Prince's son and more he ex- tor, who by the fl- denced a

The dr- Guard was- went down- dream. I- to whistle- lashing to- himself to- The d- others w- after sum- ried the- means, - with w- seizing a- reaching - came as- whose in-

Gen. - of last

The - country, - will not - funds of - structure

EXHIBIT

The - situation - was hit- - many - by the - of the - in their - cited it - ment to - exami- - ing with - several - of inst- - diences - by fre - a per- - them- - the as- - studies - adverbs - tures p - induced - ergetic - tion, A - time as - pils m - can on - tions o - from M - queat - tuesday

A - Week - gaged - verely - taking - over to - modis - exten - large - efforts - just, - every - the b-

A - narrow - more - milita - The - of re - ing th - the a - requir - hono - derit - their - havin - the - the - dere - and - nece - of C - thier

love - the - day - sulation - reve

er little children to come unto me, for I

water for Winter.

he is a powerful sight better than none."

best styles of material with all the trimmings, fixtures
 &c., of the best kind. Visitors to the City are respect-
 fully invited to examine our stock. Sept. 8.—4m

may10-6m
Justin S. Cresser
Drawer 23, Hillsdale, Michigan